

THE SUNLIGHT IS NOT ENOUGH

Poems

- by B. Edwards

1.

Your truth is the noble truth
if the truth even exist in the first place
my truth is the truth of illusions
it's existence is much more questionable

gray skies again
clouds of melancholy
hovering over this New Jersey town

and my mind is losing its bearing
directionless....the horizon
becomes entangled
with the blue sky
my eyes behold.....spinning in vertigo

my mind feels lost in some valley of Amon RA
my mind feels lost
amidst the asphalt plateaus

my mind searches for.....yearns for
reaches for.....the distant starlight

my mind searches
for those golden illusions of yesterday
yet....they are gone
gone in all of this modern obscurity

12/30/2021

2.

Helios winked at me
bright.....radiant
sun-god of the eternal

and the motion....the motion
the celestial spheres turning.....revolving

stillness in the morning
where are those bird songs
singing....singing
for the industrial world's incessant motion

unseen Moon
in a daydream I am upon
your seashores of dust

I am beside
your pillars of silence
I am feeling the wind of existence
in this New Jersey tundra of asphalt

I am longing
to sleep upon the clouds

I am contemplating
an electric Elysium
which I may have found

- 12/31/2021

3.

It's the first day
of a new year.....2022
and I'm here in this bleak apartment
shrouded in a mental fog
trying to reach a state of calmness
that I have only envisioned
that I can only reach for
without receiving

and I am here
waiting for a distillation of consciousness
waiting for an angelic calmness
where is it
in all of this haze of memory

I am here going in and out
of the here and now
mirror reflects from the past
shining out of mirrors
in the ever approaching future

I am here
looking for the stoicism within me
looking for a pocket full of oracles
looking for the epiphanies of radio night
I am here looking for the oasis
amidst a desert of desolation

I am here
waiting for an old love
to become ashes

I am here
waiting for a wind of amnesia
to bless me with rebirth

1/1/2022

4.

It's about time
that I sailed away
from that island of tears

out into the starlight sea
it's about time that I breathe in
the ethereal wine

that I steal some sunlight
and keep it in my heart

it is time that I free myself
and escape into the azure sphere
of new possibilities

it is time that I runaway
from the spiders with familiar eyes

it is time that I crawl out of
the melancholic labyrinth of shadows

it is time that I pluck dreams
from the astral sky

it is time.....it is time
to realize that the twilight
will be my threshold to the stars

- 1/2/2022

5.

Tonight
I'm drifting off
into a snowy obscurity

the thorns of resurrected memories
piercing my soul

tonight
a part of me is lost behind the Moon

tonight I am searching
for lighted candles
in the windows of the solitary

- 1/3/2022

6.

What is this void in me
and how do I fill it

nothing to do tonight
snowed in
worst snow storm in three years
to hit the area

nothing to do
but think.....and overthink

and to overthink
can be a real unfortunate problem
to be caught in a viscous wind
of serpent eyes

I wish that I was in complete
and total control
of what I think
but it hardly ever happens that way

the Universe
likes to kick me when I'm down
and the serpent eyes
keep circling around

- 1/3/2022

7.

It's one of those nights
where I'm being haunted
by one thing or another

I try to escape it
but these kinds of nights
have a way of getting to you

I take my herb
I look up at the sky
hoping to be absolved
of all of this despair

but it's coming at me again
I was lucky I had such a long reprieve

but it found me
with its damn wolf eyes
it always finds me
no matter how dark a night
it always finds me
this beast of unwanted truth

- 1/3/2022

8.

I'm haunted by a reflection
I once saw in a mirror

I saw the face
of a young man
naive.....so damn naive
yet to be beaten around by the world
yet to have his heart
broken and pierces by love's thorns

shattered like a mirror
and then there will be
only pieces of reflections
to be seen

I'm sure the world's
gotten to him by now
I'm sure that lost love
has wounded him by now

and from his tears and blood
black roses have grown
in withering gardens

yes.....sometimes
I still see that face
reflected.....staring out at the world
so naive
going forth into the world
to cry and to bleed

- 1/3/2022

9.

This old damn heart
of void
broken
a long time ago
still full of thorns
still burnt
from the wickedness in her eyes

this old damn heart
what I wouldn't give for another
one without these memories
these memories like barbed wire
stinging.....piercing
the blood.....the blood
the tears
the agony of what remains
unforgotten

- 1/3/2022

10.

I was hit with insomnia last night
the whole night
couldn't sleep a wink
just lying there
tormented by the damn overthinking
putting myself through
some kind of Spanish Inquisition
seeing thought mirages
that never really existed
disappearing before me
with a sting of despair
hoping that within the next
twenty minutes I would be asleep
at peace
away from the cruel world for a time
but there was no escape
I was stuck with this cruel insomnia
hour after hour
as the pendulum hanging from the ceiling
got closer and closer
but there was no knockout blow
no sweet temporary oblivion
no sleep.....no peace
just the prison of an insomniac's mind

- 1/3/2022

11.

Another day
haunted by these thoughts
thoughts of something
that I'd rather not think about
but it seems to me like
my subconscious has it in for me
it wants to sabotage me
it keeps spewing this stuff out at me
I try and block it
but it's tricky
when you're fighting
a part of your own self
that part of my own self
that seems like the enemy
when all I want
is for my mind to be mellow
well right now
that's not working out
it's got to keep resurrecting
these thoughts
the ones I don't want
centered around someone
I'd just rather forget forever
from this moment forth
but it seems like
there's a part of myself
that's just a real tormenting bastard

- 1/4/2022

12.

I awoke in a mental fog
what's going on?
it's like a trapdoor fell out
from beneath my feet

the mental landscape
shrouded in fog

like some gothic fog
like an omen
when all I want
is to go back to sleep
to escape this
fog of bitter regrets

the damn regrets
most of them drunken regrets
I don't drink anymore
but there were many crazed years
when I drank to numb myself
from something
lost love
nihilism
despair
disillusionment
something like that
but I had to give it up
this old body couldn't withstand the abuse
I'm glad that I did
physically I feel much better
but the regrets from those years....the regrets
they gather together
into a fog
that shrouds my thoughts
with all that old misery

- 1/4/2022

13.

This solitude
might be starting to get to me
I'm not sure why all of a sudden
I was always fine with my solitude
even enjoyed it
but now....now I think I'm feeling
there's something missing
that all these years
there's been something missing
maybe solitude
isn't the shining palace of enlightenment
I thought it was
maybe I'm just starting to feel doomed
doomed to this old familiar predicament
and with the doom comes the gloom
and I could really go for a drink
but I gave that up
four years back
I was drinking alone
or I should say
solitude was my drinking buddy
but I don't want to regress back
to that craziness
no....I'll face this gloom
even if it's my eventual doom
I'll see what life has in store
alone or not alone
I'll try and savor the little things
like I always have
and just let things play out
on their own

- 1/4/2022

14.

To be haunted
by bad memories is a most unfortunate thing
and I'm just asking myself
what the hell happened?
how does this cycle begin?
a couple of months ago
none of this shit was on my mind
but I should have known
that it wasn't gone forever
no....it was deep down
in the labyrinth
of my subconscious mind
just waiting there
biding it's time
till an opportunity arose
for this shit to resurface
and kick me in the head
it sucks to be haunted
by old bad memories
old....old....old
the old bad ones
all this should be forgotten by now
but sometimes life's a real peach of irony
it's a curse.....a damn curse
just like love itself sometimes
that damn bestower of curses
and agony

- 1/4/2022

15.

Tonight could be better
but it's not better
no stars out
just storm clouds
just waiting on the storm
the cold rain
to wash away
some poisonous old memories
that linger like hungry ravens
waiting to pick these bones clean
I'll never figure some things out it seems
like how to forget
that which haunts me
amnesia would be a blessing
but I haven't received any blessings in years
no....the memories just keep coming back
like some Hoodoo hex over my head
they bring insomnia along with them
so yes.....it's been
a rough week so far

- 1/5/2022

16.

The insomnia is back
like gray clouds
like withered flowers
like something dying on the vine

like a collision
of nuclear souls
a chain reaction of deadly regret

each long hour
is like a ceremony of desolation

and the sleep-aid in a bottle
I bought
doesn't seem to be doing
a damn thing
but devouring my hopes
for tranquil sleep
oblivion sleep
to feel nothing existing at all
yes....that glorious oblivion sleep
it eludes me still
O' the fangs of this predicament

- 1/5/2022

17.

A good night of sleep
is like a blessing from Athena
but I was not blessed last night
I was without the blessing
not one hour of sleep
torment....simply torment

there was a storm raging
inside of my head
but I couldn't figure out why

and I watched each hour go by
and watched them fall
into the abyss of the clock

and time seemed in slow motion
and I'll need coffee today
if I'm going to make it through
lots of coffee
rivers of it

so here we go
at the start
of a shit day

- 1/5/2022

18.

I went through
the whole day at work
half-asleep
the effects of
last night's insomnia
riddled through me
like an old plague
now I'm at home
watching the snow melt
but there'll be more snow
tomorrow night

I doubt the insomnia
will come back tonight
it's been forty-eight hours
with just one hour of sleep
how long can the body hold out

so maybe tonight
I'll be blessed
with at least some reprieve
maybe a full night of sleep
but tomorrow night
that's the one I'm worried about
and I don't know why
I'm stricken with this insomnia
all of a sudden
a new year
some fresh fallen snow
and some insomnia thrown in
the gods are cruel sometimes

- 1/5/2022

It's not getting any easier with age
to follow the Moon
over the edge of the night
it's not getting easier
to let myself drift away
to the constellations
to forget the woes of the world
and sail upon starlight
too many little aggravations
in this world of commotion
yet I have heard the deepest silence
beyond the boundary of the blue sphere
and every year
it seems like the vines are getting closer
waiting to grow over me
till I'm little more than a memory
yet however faintly
my voice will echo across the galaxy
no it's not getting easier
to catch some of the fire of the twilight
to imagine castles upon the clouds
to imagine myself up there
ruling over the realm of daydreams

20.

It's a Wednesday night in January
here in my dreary room
through the noise of the heater
I'm hearing a radio station
broadcasting on the astral plane

over in the corner
there's a shadow with eyes

no....reality is not so simplified

in that hazy area
when you're half asleep
that's where the real gateway lies
and sometimes you don't want to encounter
what is coming through

But I'll make these moments an island
in the vast ocean of false beliefs

here.....explanations turn to ashes
I don't bother anymore
to question what I've seen

I've seen what many refuse to believe in
I've heard what many could never hear

I've walked in a garden
I created through concentration

and now I'm just sitting here
listening to that astral radio
content for a most precious time

- 1/5/2022

21.

There was always that one
that haunted me
that one whose voice
followed me into the dark forest
when I went there to drink alone
that one whose very presence was a mirage
that one that is a serpent
underneath appearances
a scorpion.....a hydra
just waiting to rip apart
some poor naive fool like me
and many years have gone by now
but I've yet to fully escape this haunting
I'm not sure if I ever will
damn it all
damn the memories of it all
if I had it all to do over
I would have stayed hidden from that one
but contemplating the what if's is useless
and so it begins again
another haunted night
with the voice.....the eyes
the memories like thorns
piercing this old wounded soul

- 1/5/2022

I awoke to a blazing Sun
in the dead of winter
walked out onto the balcony
with coffee for a smoke
and I saw time's rebirth in the morning sky
but there's so little time here
to stand and contemplate
the universal mysteries
I've got to be at work
in a little over an hour
the machines.....the routines
the artificial lighting
it all must move and flow and glow
there is so little time left
to see behind the curtain of illusions
yet I know that there's an endless realm
hidden in the folds of the air
I can't escape it
yet I'm pulled in all different directions
faces.....voices.....eyes.....eyes
emerging from the ether
the haunting lies
that are perhaps visions of truth
and I will go out there
and be caught in the cycle
and the day will yield to the night
and the stars will shine regardless
as they always do

- 1/5/2022

23.

It's going to snow tonight
more snow on top of snow
but my boss won't close the office tomorrow
he rarely does
so snow is not a joy for me anymore
it just makes the drive to work
that much more aggravating
but I guess I still enjoy
watching it fall
watching it cover the ground
like a blanket erasing
the memories of the world
for a time.....only for a time
until it melts away
and things go back to how they were
how they are
and I'll be going to work all the same
just going along with the cycle
day after day.....year after year
until it ends for me
and on winter nights like this
I'm covered over
the memory of me erased
by the falling snow

- 1/6/2022

24.

The other night
as I was in bed
stricken with insomnia
it seemed like the barriers
to the astral plane broke open

pure pandemonium happened
voices.....visions
entitiesyes entities
you have no idea
but then again
neither do I
but I know they are real

and sometimes
on rare occasions
you may get a chance to encounter them

just pray they go away
from your life
when things return to normal

for me it never did
I stared behind the veil
for too long
and doing that
got me noticed

- 1/6/2022

Tonight I'm just waiting
for the Moon
while the crows speak my name
while the memory of a she-wolf lingers
while the world around me
vanishes into a reflection
just waiting for the mind to be calmed
while thoughts blow around in me
like a fierce wind

tonight I'm looking to disappear
within the mirage
looking to escape this desolate room
where the walls bleed solitude
where the minutes are like centuries
when even time itself
has lost its sympathy

I hear the echoes calling
the past....the past
memories and visions of memories
those dark eyes
that once drowned me
in the stormy sea of love

yet tonight
I'm looking for something from beyond
I want to see things in a new way
I want to drink
from the chalice of forgetting
I want to discover solitude anew
on a different journey of the soul

- 1/6/2022

Tonight it's cold
and it seems like
the whole world is turning to ice
the ground.....the buildings
the trees.....the telephone lines
they all seem frozen
and the meteors falling to Earth are frozen
and the ravens on the skeletal tree branches
that often herald my demise
they're frozen to
and the clouds are starting to freeze
sinking down upon the roofs
of frozen apartment buildings
and my cigarette just touched a bit of ice
it froze.....shattered.....and was taken by the wind
and the frozen voices
call out to me
I look around and see no one
just a frozen wasteland
of time and regrets
the regrets frozen in ice and in time
unable to wither away
unable to free me from their coldness
and the midnight hour looms
like a frozen pendulum
the Moon is now risen and full
revealing more frozen desolation
and now the dawn seems so far away
the remembrance of sunlight fading
but the Sun shall rise
it always does
and maybe all this ice will melt
but I won't know
until this long frozen night is over

27.

I know something
that most others don't know
but when I try and reveal it to others
most just think me mad
and maybe they're right
they probably are
but I still know something
that they don't
but it does me no good
it serves me no purpose
it's just knowledge sitting in my head
like an old statue
and maybe I'm mad
I can see it
but what of it
what's the opposite of that in this world
in this day and age
I've never trusted the opinions
of the so-called experts
they don't know what I know
or at least I see no sign of it
many just live in a bubble
a conception of how they believe
that things are
but if they only knew
how it really was
it might drive them mad
and then we can start the conversation

- 1/7/2022

28.

I don't miss the drinking much anymore
occasionally I do
but I know better now
I know that the price I had to pay
kept getting higher and higher

and I would wake up with memories
of things I said or did
the night before
and I was horrified

who was this drunken stranger
possessing my reflection in the mirror

but the taste...and when
the buzz first starts to hit you
and the drink would always get me numb
when I needed to get numb
it was always a temporary escape
from the shit storms of life
and shit storms there always are
but it's a double-edge sword
in a way it can be like selling your soul
as the drinking becomes
the main creator of these very shit storms

well I had to get out
while there was still enough of me left
I try not to look back
I had my run
and I lived to tell the tale

- 1/7/2022

Outside of my apartment tonight
the streetlights are pouring out their brightness
like electric fountains
and I'm here just before midnight
worried that the insomnia is going to come back
worried that I'm going to see
the creatures from the sleepless darkness again
with my own eyes
worried that the dream sirens
will lure me to their dream rocks
and so to my demise within a dream
the owls are silent
the ground is frozen
the impossible becomes possible
because it always really was possible
the past is a hydra
my past is a nightmare of Cerberus
Medusa never sees me
as if I'm half already faded
the insomnia fractures stability
each moment seems like water torture
bats cling to my windows
the cemeteries are overgrown with orchids
a gypsy walks down the street
and straight into the looking glass
and over the radio
I hear a sonata from Hades
the Constellations gather
the owls are still silent
in the moonlight

30.

I walked out into the frozen morning
those haunting ancient eyes
up in the sky
a gaze like a rapier sword
the wind crisp like steel
and I'm trying to recover my bearings
from a night of blacked-out sleep
the loneliness is seeping back in
it gets under the doors somehow
filling this place
like a dreary incense
and all of those memories
have crystallized into salt now
out in the deserts of unnecessary thinking

and there it is
an orchid hidden upon the Moon
along shores of an ocean of heartbreak
dried up to lunar dust now
silent evermore

now how can I see the world differently
how can I be removed from
the cycles of indifference

how can I leave the garden
of familiar thorns

- 1/8/2022

31.

The Sun cast a shadow
down on the plateau of the living world
I cannot escape
these phantoms
the memories of lost loves
I have heard the omens
and have not moved an inch
I am lost now
behind the shroud of the star

I hear the angelic trumpets
sound over the causeway
the serpent's bite
is not an immediate end
it is a slow descent
to what lies underneath the horizon

wandering in the valley of shadows
another day without the anointing rain

through the radios
a connection with soul dimensions
we go onwards towards where we see
the light appear

we are drawn towards some fulfillment
we hardly ever recognize

and some of us
will abandon our worldly things
and walk away
towards the first star we behold
and so it will be
yet for myself
I cannot say

- 1/8/2022

32.

What do I have to do
to escape this gulag of memories

I walk out into the sunny world
and find too many paths to follow
so I follow none of them

what do I have to do
to feel the pulse of existence
to feel the breath
of the dragon I've imagined

I will not go numb with drink
so being cast out in the streets
to where do I journey

I was never able
to see clearly
through the haze of time

I may climb these vines
as they devour cathedrals

I may go down into the catacombs
to pay reverence
to the bones of my past

or I may go outside
searching for an eclipse
one believed to be an omen
the foretelling of a shifting tide

- 1/8/2022

It's one of those afternoons
when I just feel mummified
waiting for something to happen
but all is quiet
except for the chirping of birds

and I don't want awaken
the solitude within me
I want to exile myself
away from this gloomy apartment

I've got to get out into the sunlight
even if it burns my vampire's skin

I have to go out
and search for the city of gold

find the river
that absolves sin

I have to begin my pilgrimage
to the tomb of the great poet

I need to envision ahead
towards resurrection

I have to prepare myself
to awaken
in a hazy twilight between worlds

34.

The night is quiet
the room is quiet
the catacombs are quiet
the trees
the flowers
the owls
all quiet
not making a sound
as if sound
didn't exist in this dream
if that's what it is
but I don't really know
maybe a hallucination
maybe a meaningless epiphany
all I know is
the candles burn quiet
the shadows seem
to want to say something
but there is nothing
no words are spoken
no lyrical beauty
no soliloquies of the soul
only silence and dust
in the moonlight
and all remains quiet

- 1/8/2022

I'm speaking now
to the dreamers of the future
for I can make nothing of the present
and the past for me
is a wasteland
of regrets and beer bottles

I look up to the stars
though they're looking back at me
from the past

the past seeps into every moment
like a toxic nerve agent
it contaminates the Fountain of Youth
the memories it brings with it
are like scorpions
stinging.....seeking to annihilate coldly

clouds of darkness
full of those painful memories
it is a most unfortunate thing
when the past hunts you down
and you wonder why
these old memories remain
after all these years
why won't fortune
allow me to forget

why am I judged
and sentenced to remember
by the Inquisition of the past

the memories become more alive
growing like vines
devouring my soul
until remembering turns to being haunted
and so I am haunted
haunted today.....haunted tomorrow
haunted until the final sleep
the final closing of the eyes

It's Sunday morning
January....cold
snow and ice all around
none of it melting
it's all still frozen
and my thoughts seem frozen this morning
.....regrettably
the river in the mind is frozen
nothing is flowing
fragments of last night's memories
last night's dreams
are stuck in place as they were

and I don't really know
if I'll make anything
out of this day

the Sun is up and bright
in the clear blue sky
the same Sun that scorches deserts
on the other side of the world
but here.....here it's all still frozen
the sunlight is not enough
to undo what the coldness has done

I go out on the balcony
for a cigarette
and behold creation locked in ice
yet I envision how it will be in the summer
I can see it
as an apparition
that will one day be

- 1/9/2022

37.

In the beginning
I couldn't find
the boundaries of existence
I could sense only void with no edge

in the beginning
I was awoken
by the song of a sparrow
and something real within me
was made aware

in the beginning
I couldn't feel the presence
of a higher purpose
I sensed only time moving
with no destination
though I knew the stars
would always be there
reminding us
of the small mysteries
that appear and then fade out of being

- 1/9/2022

38.

Today I will go out
into the world
the same world
that has many times
sent me running away in fear
the same world
that has many times
left my soul bruised and scarred
the same world
where I have been
like a magnet to the starving crows

I will go out
into this same world
where I have sought sanctuary in the moonlight

I will go out into these streets
that make me feel anonymous

I will go out into the world
where I've left pieces of my heart
once or twice before

I will go out into the storm
into the atmosphere
of both love and indifference

and I know
I may return with a golden halo
or return with coal for eyes

- 1/9/2021

39.

The mind feels like a tornado tonight
but perhaps in an hour or so
it'll seem more like the Mojave desert
a mental maelstrom perhaps
but then again
maybe I just had too much caffeine
sometimes I feel
like my own mind works against me
how do I truly know myself
if I'm my own saboteur
the truth is
I don't know myself
so how can anyone else know me

maybe it's sitting here
in this dimly lit apartment for too long
I can hear that it's raining outside
melting the snow away

I'm about to go out there
to smoke a cigarette
part of me wants to quit that to
but only a part
I need something to help me quell these storms
something to calm
the tempest of thoughts when it arises

yes the mind
can often remind me of the weather
or someplace that I can envision
even if I've never really been there

- 1/9/2022

40.

I haven't got anything left to give
I've been consumed
by too many illusions
I've been bitten
by too many serpents
I've been bewitched
by too many bewitchers

I've been lost in the labyrinth for too long
there's no hope of escape for me
I've been with these shadows
for too many nights

and I just don't know
what road lies ahead
I awake each morning
momentarily forgetting everything
about everything
but it's not the merciful amnesia
I've been praying for
it doesn't last

-1/9/2022

41.

It's an hour
when nothing is stirring
everything is frozen
within and without
some kind of mental fog
my thoughts keep blowing around in circles
old nightmares come back to the surface
old dreams of love
now become new nightmares
of an open wound
the old tombs within
this heart and soul
are broken open
old phantoms are wreaking havoc
and I just want
to call it a night
to be asleep
thinking nothing
feeling nothing
in about an hour
I'll see how that goes
if I'm lucky
I'll escape it all quickly
if not.....well then
it'll be a long and agonizing day tomorrow

- 1/11/2022

Last night
was another lousy one
I didn't fall asleep
until about three in the morning
it just seems
like I'm on a roll
of bad luck with this recently
and here I am on a Sunday morning
trying to wake myself up
as much as I can
with coffee after coffee
to revive myself
to pull myself out of the state
of insomnia delirium
and it's the middle of January now
and it's a damn cold morning
it feels like the world is freezing over
I can't stand it when it's cold
but I can't stand it when
it's very hot out either
and it's all only temporary after all
the motions of the heavenly spheres
will go on unhindered
and we are all a part of that
things will change
the winds will shift
the tides will rise and recede
and this coffee will be cold
in about thirty minutes

- 1/15/2022

I don't know what to do
climbing a ladder to the Moon
seems out of the question
sometimes I can sense
the invisible eyes watching me
other times....I'm full of indifference
because I'll never find the meaning of it all
for me....such meaning
has become like fireflies in the twilight
and I don't know
if I'll ever see them again
like I saw them in my youth
and now the years
have left me with scars
but I always knew there would be scars
and now the years have left me with memories
of so many full Moons
and I am glad for that
I can close my eyes
and go to other places
places that don't exist in this world
yet they are so real to me
and they continue to exist
in that hour
when the stars fade away
in the light of the dawn

I just awoke from a dream
it seemed so real
it was so vivid
but the details of it
are already gone
lost.....faded from memory
but it's strange
I can still feel it
I can still feel the dream
like it left an imprint on me
very strange
but it's gone now
I wish I could remember it
but it's gone now
though it left something behind
and I'm awake now
it's a cold January morning
the kind that are too cold for me
I want to go back to the dream
I want to dream right through the cold
I want to dream through the winter
until spring arrives
that's my dream of dreaming
but I supposed there's no escaping the cold
it's a part of life
that other kind of dream
and so it's always been

- 1/16/2022

45.

Tonight I should sleep ok
because last night I didn't

insomnia again
it usually doesn't hit me
two nights in a row
though it could

and I don't know why
this is all starting again
I just lie there in bed
thinking about things
that I don't want to be thinking about

how unfortunate it is
when ones own mind
seems out to sabotage its own sleep

these seem like my thoughts
I don't want them
but they seem like my thoughts

and they just roll on through my head
like a movie playing on a screen
and I want to walk out on this movie
but the exits are blocked by insomnia

this lousy affliction
this curse from the nether regions
like sulfur from Hades
filling my room
at three in morning
while the neighbors are all fast asleep
and the streets outside
are quiet and empty

- 1/20/2022

46.

Last night
half the night was lost
to the insomnia beast

the beast arrived
at the midnight hour
looking for its bounty

I was left there
staring at the emptiness
of a dark room

the beast had red eyes
and by that point
my eyes may have turned red as well

and the pendulum of time
kept on swinging

each lost hour
cut away like a limb

looking into the darkness
that surrounded me
I knew I could never swim
in this ocean

- 1/23/2022

